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A SURGEON'S LIFE.

A Page or Two From the Experience of a

Famous Physician.

I have always maintained that it is

impossible for any man to be a great

surgeon if he is destitute of an impor-

tant degree of the finer feelings of

our nature. I have often lain awake for

hours the night before an important

operation, and suffered great mental dis-

tress for days after it was over, until I

was certain that my patient was out of

danger. I do not think that it is pos-

sible for a criminal to feel much worse

the night before his execution than a

surgeon when he knows that upon his

skill and attention must depend the

fate of a valuable citizen, husband,

father, mother or child. Surgery under

such circumstances is a terrible task-

master, feeling like a culture upon a

man's vitality. It is surprising that any

surgeon in large practice should ever

attain to a respectable old age, so great

are the wear and tear of mind and body.

The world has seen many a sad pic-

ture. I will draw one of the surgeon.

It is midday; the sun is bright and beau-

tiful; all nature is replete with joy; men

and women crowd the street, arrayed

in their best, and all, apparently, is

peace and happiness within and with-

out. In a large house, almost over-

hanging this street so full of life and

gaiety, lies upon a couch an emaciated

figure, once one of the sweetest and

loveliest of her sex, a confiding and af-

fectionate wife, and the adored mother

of numerous children, the subject of a

frightful disease of one of her limbs, or

it may be, of her jaw, if not of a still

more important part of her body. In an

adjoining room is the surgeon, with

his assistants, spreading out his instru-

ments and getting things in readiness

for the impending operation. He as-

signs to each his appropriate place.

One administers chloroform; another

takes charge of the limb; one screws

down the tourniquet upon the principal

artery; and another holds himself in

readiness to follow the knife with the

scalpel. The flaps are soon formed,

the bone severed, the vessels tied, and

the huge wound approximated. The

woman is pale and ghastly, the pulse

hardly perceptible, the skin wet with

clammy perspiration, the voice husky,

the slight indistinct. Some one whis-

pers into the ear of the busy surgeon:

"The patient, I fear, is dying." Res-

istatives are administered, the pulse

gradually rises, and after a few hours

of hard work and terrible anxiety re-

action occurs. The woman is again

conscious, the wound is dressed, and

she is left to the joint influence of the

anesthetic, shock and loss of blood. An

assistant, a kind of sentinel, is placed

as a guard over her, with instructions

to watch her with the closest care, and

to send word the moment the slightest

change for the worse is perceived.

The surgeon goes about his business,

visits other patients on the way, and at

length, long after the usual hour, he

slips down, worried and exhausted, to

his cold and comfortable meal, with a

look almost as dry and a voice as

husky as his patient's. He eats me-

chanically, exchanges hardly a word

with any member of his family, and

sublimely retires to his study, to pre-

scribe for his patients—never, during

all this time, forgetting the poor mu-

lating object he left a few hours ago.

He is about to lie down to get a mo-

ment's repose after the severe toll of

the day, when suddenly he hears a

loud ring of the bell and a servant,

breathless with excitement, begs his

immediate presence at the sick cham-

ber with the exclamation: "They think

Mrs. — is dying." He hurries to the

scene with rapid pace and anxious feel-

ing. The stump of a crimson color, and

the patient lies in a profound

swon. An artery has suddenly given

way, the circulation is extremely cor-

dis and stimulants are at once

brought into requisition, the dressings

are removed and the resuscitant vessel

is promptly secured.

The vital current ebbs and flows, re-

action is still more tardy than before,

and it is not until a late hour of the

night that the surgeon, literally worn

out in mind and body, retires to his

home in search of repose. Does he

sleep? He tries, but he can not close

his eyes. His mind is with his patient;

he hears every footstep upon the pav-

ement under his window, and is in mo-

mentary expectation of the ringing of

the night-bell. He is disturbed by the

whispering of the wind, the most terri-

ble objects, and, as he rises early in the

morning to hasten to his patient's

chamber, he feels that he has been

cheated of the rest of which he stood

so much in need. Is this picture over-

drawn? I have sat for it a thousand

times, and there is not an educated,

conscientious surgeon that will not cer-

tify to its accuracy.—Autobiography of

the late Dr. Gross.

SPOOLS FOR THREAD.

The Wood and Machinery Employed in

their Manufacture.

Birch wood is preferred. The birch

is first sawed into sticks four or five

feet long and seven-eighths of an inch

to three inches square, according to

the size of the spool to be produced.

These sticks are thoroughly seasoned.

They are sawed into short blocks, and

the blocks are dried in a hot-air kiln.

At the time they are sawed a hole is

bored through them. One whiff of the

little block against sharp knives, shaped

by a pattern, makes the spools at the

rate of one a second.

A small boy feeds the spool machine,

simply placing the blocks in position

and throwing out the knotty or defective

stock. The machine is automatic, but

can not do the sorting. The spools are

revolved rapidly in drums, and are

polished themselves. For some purposes

they are dyed yellow, red or black.

They are made in hundreds of shapes

and sizes.

When one sees a spool of thread

one hundred yards or "two hundred

yards," these words do not signify that

the thread has been measured, but that

the spool has been gauged, and is sup-

posed to contain so much thread.

When a silk or linen or a cotton firm

wants a spool made, it sends a pattern

to a spool-maker. This pattern gives

the size and shape of the barrel, and of

the head and level. These patterns

determine the amount of thread that

the spool will hold.—Golden Days.

BELLEVUE ITEMS.

We have at last had two light

showers which have succeeded in set-

tling the dust and rendered every

thing much fresher.

Both drinking and stock water are

still very scarce. Some in the neigh-

borhood are hauling all they have

for both purposes, over two miles.

Messrs. H. Bryant and B. C. Wall

have formed a partnership un-

der the firm name of Bryant & Wall

and will do business in the elegant

new brick store house, which has

just been completed by Mr. Bryant

at Grassy the L. & T. station on

his farm. Mr. Wall has just returned

from the east and is now quite busy

receiving and opening goods.

Mrs. Howe, of Cairo, Ill., nee Miss

Mattie Cox, is visiting at her mother's

who is still in very feeble health.

Miss Lee Lander, of Louisville has

returned to her home after a short

visit to relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McGee and

son are in the east where Mr. Mc-

Gee will replenish his stock of

goods.

The young people of the commu-

nity gave a dance at Grassy the Tues-

day night, in Bryant's new store. There

were fifty young ladies present. I

